

said Senator Berry of that state,"has never passed upon the question, the legislature of the state has passed a joint resolution declaring that the proper pronunciation of Arkansas is as if the name was spelled Arkansaw. In the state every one says Arkansaw, and it is only outside of the state that the name is ever heard of with the 'as' pronunciation, as in Kansas. There is a legend that the supreme court has officially declared this pronunciation to be the correct one, but such is not the fact. Originally the name was Arkansa. Sibley, one of the first writers on the question held that the proper way to spell the name was to add the 's', and his idea was adepted. This was in 1805, and it has been spelled with the 's' since, though, as said before, is pronounced as if the termina-tion was 'aw' instead of 'as.'"

* * * * Prof. L. E. Condon of Boston, who has been here for some weeks, recuperating his health, like many other Bostonians, wants to introduce reforms in connection with educational matters. In explanation of one reform which is very near to his heart he said: "I am trying to get educational people interested in the extension of the multiplication table. As you know, the ordinary child conquers the multiplication table in one term or less. Many of them learn it as a song, it is true, but they learn it—now if they can get up to the twelve times twelve as easily as they do, what good reason is there that the table should not be extended, say up to fifty times fifty. It is learned easily, is good practice, and I am sure it would be of benefit to the and sare it would be of benealt to the average person to be able to instantly give the multiple of any figure up to fifty, as readily as the great number new do those up to tweive."

"One of the sad things in our business," said an auctioneer, "is to sell out the contents of boarding houses. There are a rumber of women who open up a boarding house without the slightest experience whatever in the business, and it very frequently happens that they fail. They think that because there are a number of other en who make boarding houses a success that they can do so. So they get together the recessary money to make a start, and in they go. It does not take long for them to discover that there is a science in keeping boarders of which they are ignorant. Their boarders find it out also. The result is that they have to give up, and we are called in to sell them out."

"The photographs of the White House children, if we could secure them, would there. It is surprising how many ca'ls we have for them from visitors to the city. During the Atlanta exposition a fake photographer got out a picture of what he claimed to be the White House children, and it had a ready sale there, but the President ident put a veto or, it when he went down there, and the sale was killed."

as I left the car the boy still slept with his head down.

"I think the patent business feels the hard times," remarked a hustling patent attorney, "more than anything else. Inventors are as plenty as ever, but they have not got the money to carry on their inventions. Up to two years ago we were kept busy, but just now we have plenty of lessure time on our hands. The fact that not one patent in every hundred issued ever paid the expenses of the patent has A mountaineer who no such effect upon the business as the prevailing tin es."

"I was glad to see that the proprietor of one of our 'salocus on wheels' was arrested here last week," said Mr. Frank Harding of Montgemery county, Md. "As you know," he said, "local option prevails in Montgomery county, and as a consequence quite a number of fellows are engaged in the business of carting liquor from this city out into our county. The most of those engaged in this truffic are colored, as are the majority of the buyers. The sa-loons on wheels, however, now keep the customers in the county regularly supplied and cause a great deal of trouble. There are at least a dozen of these vehicles which now make daily trips through our

"Contrary to the general opinion," said Mr. Russell Stephens, one of the largest fruit growers of the Sacramento valley, "It is the small fruit farms in California which pay the best. The big fruit farms are very expensive to manage, and as every person about them has to be hired, there are many leaks and weak points. The transportation feature is, perhaps, more important than all things else combined, for unless the fruit can be shipped, and properly shipped, there is no money in the pay, but at present the small growers have the best of it, for they can handle all they raise. It is strange to us that you people in the east pay twenty-five cents per pound for Malaga or Tokay grapes, when out there we are glad to sell them for from \$15 to \$17 per ton, or less than one cent per pound. The railroads and middle men get pound. The railroads and middle men get all the money, and what is worse, the consumer has to pay such high prices that he does not feel able to buy all the fruit he

One of the most interested persons in the United States Supreme Court room on Monday list was a lady. As Mr. Justice Harlan began to read the opinion of the court in the Stanford case she was so anxious to hear every word of it that she stood up and leaned forward. The Star writer sat next to her. As the last words of the decision were read affirming the action of the courts in California her face brightened up, and as she turned to leave the court room she remarked audibly, "Thank God for that, for it will be good news for Helen: now I will telegraph her." In explaining her remark afterward she said: "One of the professors of the Stanford University was engaged to be married to my niece, but he hesitated about getting married until this case was decided, for, if it went against Mrs. Stanford, the university would be greatly damaged, and he would be out of a position." The telegram was sent, and three hours afterward came this reply: "Thanks for your telegram. We will be married May 14." The young The young lady was formerly a resident of this city.

"Should the law finally order the Secretary of Agriculture to purchase seeds for public distribution," said a clerk of the Agricultural Department, "it will play no figure with this year's crops, for the reason that it will take considerable time to get the seed and arrange for distribution. and then the season for planting will be past in many sections. It is al-ready too late for planting in some of the southern states and in California, where the work has already been begun. It will be all right for 1897, but as far as 1896 is concerned it is not in it, it matters not how much or what kind of a law will be

* * * * *
"The appearance of Col. James G. Berret as master of ceremonies at the Berret Public School on Washington's birthday.' observed an old citizen, "impressed upon me very forcibly how little we know and how silly we act at times. Only thirtyfive years ago I was the chairman of a delegation of citizens who joined in a pro-

school at the corner of 14th and Q streets, where the Berret school now stands. I remember the argument I made before the school board, and again before the city councils of that day, in opposition to the location of the school. I not only argued that it was too far out in the country, but insisted that no man who beard me would insisted that no man who heard me would ever see the city built out so far. I have lived to see how badly I was mistaken, and so have many who heard my foolish speech. Col. Berret told me then that I was mistaken, and that he was sure he would live to see public schools placed three miles further out on 14th street, and that there would be plenty of children to attend them. He was right and I was wrong, and I am glad to be able to say so, but, the Lord knows, I did not think so

The other afternoon a number of men were gathered on a corner near the Center Market indulging in war talk, when a seedy-looking individual with a seedierlooking rooster under his arm walked toward them.

"Skuse me, gen'I'men, but I'm lookin' fer

somethink in your line," he drawled out as he shambled up to the group. "I'm lookin' fer a good hot scrap." There was blood in his eye-blood of the real, gory kind-and the plumage of his rooster indicated a nature of the same aggressive stuff. The men addressed looked at the stranger in a perplexed though amused way; but there was no response. Then the country-

man threw down his challenge. States Supreme Court law library as at "I'll bet a dollar an' a half that my rooster kin lick anythink yer kin bring for ard," and he dropped his fighting stock present constituted. "It is the only library I ever saw," he said, "without a on the pavement to strut about.
"Think we carry chickens about in our pockets?" ventured one of the party, while law offices are more useful to the lawyers, and how the justices of the United States Supreme Court use it I do not know. The a grinning little street urchin called to his

companions to "Git onto the hayseed." "Ain't yer got ary chicken?" "Not a chick." "Well, I kin put myself in th' rooster's place an' lick any man in ther hull crowd fer the same price." Then as he saw that none of them was in a hurry to take him

up he added, "Or I kin take any two of yer duck-nerved tribe." Several of the men turned slightly red, but none wanted the chance of a scrap with the farmer.

The man with the hayseed in his hair and feathers on his chin waited patiently for an acceptance, but as he got none h "Kin the hull crowd of yer do anythink

But still the crowd was immovable. "Wall, I'll be gol darned, talk about yer patriitism. Ther ain't a speck in yer hull durn set. What 'ud the kentry do ef they wuz all like you? Yher I offers ter fite the hull crowd with the odds on yer side, an', by hookey, yer ain't got nerve enough ter take me up. And the old farmer turned on his hee

and walked away in disgust.

On the 11th street car last night was witnessed a scene that made the passenhave an enormous sale," said a well-known gers indignant. A boy was placed on the photographer, "but so far Mrs. Cleveland car at the Peace monument, so much inhas never allowed a picture of them to toxicated that he was insensible. The litbe made for sale. Of course she has had the fellow did not look to be over ten photos made for her own use, but stopped years of age, certainly not over twelve years, and yet he was helplessly drunk His breath perfumed the whole car, his head hung limp upon his breast. He was unconscious and no one with him to take care of him. Where and how he had obtained the liquor could not be learned, but

A UNIQUE SETTLEMENT.

a Defendant Got Clear of Plain Case Against Him. W. A. Woolwine of Los Angeles, who was here in the interest of the San Pedro harbor project, formerly lived in Tennessee and teils the following story of Judge D

A mountaineer who seemed to be half witted was brought into court charged with moonshining.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge. "I don't know what yo' mean?" returned

the prisoner. "Did you or did you not make

without paying license?" ''Course I did. It's good likker, jedge. "Well, didn't you know it was wrong?"

'Course not. Pap made it, an' he wer a good man, a preacher." There was such a vacant look in the man's face that Judge Key believed him to be semi-idiotic. Turning to the district attorney he said: "I don't know what to do in this case. The man is evidently non

compos mentis.' "I'll tell yo', jedge," suggested the culprit, "sposin' we jess let this thing drap on both sides."

And the case was "drapped."

The Stage Villain's Apology. From the Philadelphia Record. Does anybody know why the stage vil-

lain always smokes cigarettes? Here's the true version, as told by the "heavy man" of one of the local stock companies. The gentleman in question is an inveterate cigar smoker, and after the manner of his kind, cigarettes are very distasteful to him, as any cigarette fiend who witnesses his performance can see. And yet nearly every night he is obliged to saunter about the stage, pull a cigarette from a silver case, and puff it while he concocts all sorts of villainous schemes. If you ask him why he deesn't smoke cigars he will tell you that no property man, however important the company may be, will consent to supply cigars. Cigar-ettes are much cheaper, and the stage villain who defies all traditions and smokes cigars aiways does so at his own expense And this is rather expensive, inasmuch as the villain of the drama usually wears a dress suit, is supposed to be plentifully supplied with ill-gotten gains and only takes two or three puffs at whatever he smoking before throwing it away. Until the property man volunteers to cigars we must be cortent with the cigarette-smoking stage villains.

Sure of It.

From Brooklyn Life. Mrs. Cashman-"Did you see the painting Mr. Solidrocks bought-a genuine Rubens?"

Mr. Cashman-"It isn't genuine." Mrs. Cashman-"Do you claim to be a Mr. Cashman-"I claim to be a judge

anything Solidrocks buys in that line. He gets stuck every time."



"I'm suah the count is an impostor. "Oh! my goodness me, deah boy, don't say

"I wouldn't, doncherknow, but he just told delegation of citizens who joined in a pro-me that when he married Miss Rolingold he test against the establishment of a public meant to make his home in America."—Life.

N HOTEL CORRIDORS ART AND ARTISTS SEEDS THAT CAME

C. E. Barnes of Prescott, Ariz., is at the

"The President's veto of the school land

lease bill is of very great interest to us,"

he said, "and the more so because it looks

ight against the territorial officers. Before

the appointment of Governor Hughes,

charges were filed against him, but not-

withstanding this, he was appointed and

confirmed. Last June these charges were

renewed, and other officials were impli-

President did not object to the leasing of the school lands in Oklahoma under a law

almost identical with the one asked for by

Arizona, and it is thought that very pos-sibly the reason was that while he did not

want to reopen the Hughes case, he did not want to add to the sources from which

funds were derived for the reason that it

might serve to increase the bitterness of the fight made against the officials."

R. D. Blakeley of Tahlequah, Indian ter-

ritory, is at the Howard. Referring to

matters in his section he said: "The In-

dians, I think, will never be willing to

become citizens of the United States. They

know that while some would be greatly

benefited, others would become paupers.

It would be an interesting subject of study

to review the results of the government's

care of the Indians from a standpoint

that I have never seen it treated from

dians as a rule are notoriously improvident

and totally ignorant of business, and yel in all of the five tribes there is not a poor

Indian. Every one is well off, owns a farm and an income, and they are five

nations without paupers. The governmen

is their guardian, and while there is much said about faith not being kept with these

of Chicago, is at the Arlington, and when

seen by a Star reporter had some urgent

objections to make against the United

complete law library in the United States,

out actually those contained in ordinary

ast catalogue is in 1868, and all of the

publications for nearly thirty years are

without cataloguing. The room is too full there is not space enough, and if the li-

brarians were not gifted with a remarkable

knowledge of the place it would be almost useless. Why it should be allowed to re-

main without any means of ready reference to the great mass of books I don't see."

Col. H. G. Otis, editor of the Los Angeles

Times, is at the Shoreham. Yesterday he

took a trip to Antietam battlefield, upon

which, at the time of the battle, Col. Otis

led the extreme left of the federal troops.

Speaking of his trip, he said: "I recognized

the place as soon as I saw it. It is remark-

able how little change there has been since

the war. The same old stone fences that

were there then are still standing, the

trees appear to be almost as they were

then, and the old church is there, al-

though that has been remodeled and is somewhat different. My troops passed over

cornfield at the time of the fight, are

that ground is a cornfield now. In fact, it

looked as though the place had not chang

ed at all, and it scarcely needs the tablet

put there by the government to give a per-

fect comprehension. All of the natural

onuments mentioned in history are un-

"There are so many stories told of the

ists, recognizing Saturday as the day of rest,

who observed Sunday. I had a collie named

Dick, and, having sold my cattle, disposed of the dog to a man who observed the first

day of the week. The first Saturday he was

there Dick came to my house, a distance of three miles, and spent the day, returning the next morning. To his surprise, he found in that way he had two days of rest, during

which the cattle were kept in the barn lot

and needed no driving. After that every Saturday he came to me, never on any other

day, but I could never keep him over Sun-

"The finest collection of temperance texts

and precepts I ever saw is in a saloon in

my town," said Henry T. Thompson of

Iowa City, Iowa, at Willard's, "The pro-

prietor of the saloon is the son of a very

wealthy man in the east, who formerly

traveled for his father. Whisky was his

bane and finally at the close of one of his

sprees the father discharged him, sent him

\$10,000 in cash and told him that it was the

last cent he would ever get. The son soher-

that he would get back the money he had

spent and he would discourage drunken-ness. He fitted up an elegant bar, over

which was inscribed, "Wine is a mocker," and elsewhere are mottoes, "At last it bit-

eth like a serpent and stingeth like an

adder." At one end of the room is a hand

some painting portraying with wonderful

vividness the drunkard's fate. Along the bar are inlaid the words, "A drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." If

in the saloon at any price, and the saloon

keeper claims to be doing a temperance work. Incidentally he has stopped drink-

"Talking about favorite sons," said John

C. Taylor of Indianapolis at the Cochran.

"reminds me of some talk I heard before I

left home of the Indiana delegation being

asked to vote for C. W. Fairbanks,

The movement has not yet crystallized,

and I could not say for publication that it will be done, but with ex-President Har-

rison's letter regarded as final there would

be very little trouble, I think, in having Mr. Fairbanks' name presented, and in

case a dark horse is nominated he would stand as good a chance as any other man.

By his own efforts he has arisen to the front rank of the profession, and is strong with business and financial men owing to

the reputation he acquired for safety and conservatism during the years that he was

general attorney for the Indiana, Bloom

amassed a large private fortune.

C. W. Fairbanks.'

ngton and Western Railroad Company and

He has

confidential man of Austin Corbin. He has

always taken an active and unselfish part

in politics, was the choice of his party for United States Senator and is a magnetic

prevalent Indiana will put in the name of

HIS LEG IS PULLED.

That is the Way a Southern Congress

man Regards His Lot.

man saves a pile of money out of his sal-

ary," said a well-known southern Congress-

man, who was talking to a Star reporter

on the vicissitudes of running for office, and

especially for Congress, "but a man has to

be a small walking bank to accommodate

the large number of his 'friends' and sup-

porters who need a little money for some

urgent matter. In my state we have to

make campaigns and appear before the

people at meetings. Well, I have never at-

tended a meeting but that I did not have

some kind of a subscription poked into my

face. Somebody wants something for a church and for missionary purposes or for

helping some fellow who has been burned

to head the list with the largest sum. Then about the time you think you are through with having your leg pulled some lazy fel-

I had ter quit my work ter come out and hear you terday, and I thunk yer mout giv' me a dollar.' While you have the greatest contempt for the man, you give him the dollar.

"When you leave the meeting you are out anywhere from \$20 to \$50. These are just a few instances of what a candidate has to

spend money for. After he gets through the campign and is elected he has to fur-

nish every dead beat from his district

them go back and work against me.

ow will walk up and say: 'How do, gir

"You can't avoid subscribing, and have

"Some people may think that a Congress-

If the favorite son idea becomes

ing and is getting rich.'

that of paternalism in government. In

action has been taken.

Normandie.

The mary art lovers who during the week have thronged to the Cosmos Club to see the exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists, have been especially interested in those pictures which received as though it might lead to a renewal of the awards, and seemed to give their hearty approbation to the decision of the committee. A jury of five, Dr. Swan M. Burnett and Mr. Bernard Green of the board of managers of the Cosmos Club, and Messrs. S. H. Kauffmann, F. B. McGuire of its art committee, and J. M. Bonham of the general membership, was appointed by the board of managers to purchase one picture for the club, and to decide on several others to receive honorable mention. The members of the jury came to an understanding on Monday evening, and the next morning cards were placed on the fortunate canvases. "Gloucester Moor," by Max Weyl, was the picture purchased to adorn the club rooms, and it is sure to be a source of constant pleasure to the members. Four pictures were awarded honorable mention. In Carl Weller's admembers. mirable landscape called "After the Rain," which received one of them, the middle distance is particularly good, and the ensemble presents a very true picture of the moist ground, with the clouds just breaking away. Another honorable mention was awarded to Miss Bertha E. Perrie's "Harvest Time," a delightful little landscape in water color. Mr. S. Jerome Libi's work westernish. Uhl's work was certainly deserving of an honorable mention, though many thought his "Guardian of the Peace" a stronger picture than his "Puritan Maiden," which picture than his "Puritan Maiden," which received the award. William H. Coffin's "Portrait of a Friend" also received a mention. As Mr. Coffin is a young man and has not exhibited before, his success

is the more marked. Though last year the club bought Miss Jane Bridgham Curtis' "Princess," no pub-lic prize has been offered before. The purwards of the nation, the fact remains that it pays well to be an Indian." chase of a picture and other awards will undoubtedly have a stimulating effect on Judge C. R. Black, a well-known lawyer

The exhibition of Wm. T. Smedley's draw ings at Fischer's will give place on Monday to Mr. E. C. Messer's annual exhibition. This promises to be, as in past years, a rare treat, and many have been looking forward to it with keen anticipation. catalogue. It is the largest and most

> At the new Corcoran Art Gallery the roofing is now practically finished, and the for the plasterers.

> The pupils of the Art Students' League and a number of its lay friends are getting up an entertainment, to be held at Rauscher's Hall on the 12th of March. It will consist in a series of tableaus, representing pictures from "Life," the intervals to be given over to various musical selec-tions. After the tableaus the floor will be cleared for dancing.

> An exhibition of Lucien Powell's work will follow the exhibition of rare old prints, which closed this week at Heitmuller's gallery. Mr. Powell's water colors are well and will undoubtedly draw many reople to the gallery.

Edwin Lamasure has been painting quite a number of landscapes with his usual facility in water color. These are for the ington, but he is now planning to make a visit to Philadelphia, and expects to spend a short time making sketches about the sagacity of dogs," said Albert Langworthy Delaware river. As that region is already at the Cochran, "that it would seem that familiar to him, and as he knows where the rothing new could be added to them. But I most picturesque spots are to be found, he once owned one that kept a perfect record of the days of the week, and by a sharp trick succeeded in getting two days' rest every will probably return with a mass of ma-terial from which to paint many charming landscapes. Saturday and Sunday. Our family lived in Peoria county, Illinois, and were Advent-

The first of the annual banquets, which the Society of Washington Artists has decided to inaugurate, was, though originally intended to be held on the evening of varnishing day, postponed one week, and is to be held this evening at Klotz's cafe. Quite several books on botany, and after conbe held this evening at Klotz's cafe. Quite a number will be present, as each member has the privilege of bringing a friend, and all will, with the aid of an appetizing dinner and good fellowship, proceed to have a 10yal good time.

Prof. Andrews, director of the Corcoran Art School, has invited the several classes of that institution to visit the Walters galleries, as his guest, on Thursday of next week. These annual pligrimages to Baltimoer, which Prof. Andrews inaugurated from the department in September, which pleasure and profit to the partipants therein, and he both deserves and receives full recognition of his thoughtful liberality.

An interesting exhibition of water colors, for the most part landscapes, by C. F. Shuck, is now in the side gallery at Veerhoff's. The artist does all his work in the open air, and is particularly fond of the open air, and is particularly fond of the clear by your correspondence that this delicate green effects of early spring. Many mushroom is not desirable as a vegetable of the scenes are wood interiors and views taken along the banks of some of the quiet New England rivers. An exhibition of photographs of old masters will succeed Carl Gutherz's picture, "Lux Incarnations," in the main gallery.

Two pieces of still-life that have been much admired at the Cosmos exhibition are from the brush of Miss Nellie T. Stafford, who is particularly successful in that line.

A full-length portrait of Gen. U. S. Grant is now being exhibited in the Corcoran Gal- porter was listening with interest and asklery by the artist, A. Muller Ury. It shows ing questions to keep the ball rolling. the great general standing bareheaded outside his tent in the early morning, holding your first fight?" he inquired, as most peoa field glass in one hand and a half un- ple do when they begin to ask a soldier folded map in the other. It was on exhibi- questions about his experiences. tion for three weeks in New York, and at-tracted considerable attention. A view of Washington from the roof of the Arlington, by Walter Parls, was, a short time ago, placed on exhibition in the gallery. The view is looking south toward the monument, which looms up in the distance.

Not to Be Forgotten From the Covington (Ky.) Post.

Nipper-"So poor old Soaksby is gone?" Proprietor Blue Light Saloon-"Yes, he's gene, but not forgetten. For more'n a year I've given him a free drink every mornin', and now he's left a will bequeathin' his n-crnin' drink to his brother."

Foreseen. From the Chicago Tribune.

Jeweler-"You wish 'From George to Laura' engraved on the inside of the ring? All right. Shall I-er-cut the 'Laura' the same depth as the 'George?' " The Young Man (glaring at him)-"Yes, sir. I can afford to buy new rings when I need them, sir."

Impressions at a One-Man Show.



should happen to come to Washington with money. I've actually given them money and railroad tickets to get home and have

Mr. Theophilus Jones is a familiar figure about the Capitol, but while I understood that he had a claim before Congress never became personally acquainted with him until recently. He met me in a corridor of the Capitol last week and, approaching in a cautious manner, said:

"The unholy business is to begin again." "Which unholy business?" I inquired.

"Why, Congress is going to compel the Secretary of Agriculture to distribute some more seeds," he replied. "Do you see me, sir, ragged and forlorn? It was seeds that did it, and Congress hasn't allowed my claim for damage yet. You know about my claim, of course."

I moved away, and he said:
"Wait a moment. I'd like to tell you some facts about House bill 1313, Forty-rinth Congress, for the relief of Theophilus Jones. I've got all the correspondence here, and if you'll sit down a minute I'll prove that I am right." I took a seat between two pillars at the

side of the passage as requested, and the sufferer related the following tale in an earnest, confidential manner: "In March of 1875 I wrote a letter to the Department of Agriculture, asking for steds. This would appear to be a harmless thing, but the iconoclastic reconducibility of the then existing form of government laid its hold upon me and brought me to my present condition of inferiorness of al-titude."

The language of the speaker seemed obscure and intemperate and he appeared to be excited. It was unwise to irritate him further, however, by attempting to leave just at that time, and he proceeded:

"A copy of that letter is now in my possession in this package. I asked for some garden people and package. garden seeds and grass seed. Mark the words, garden seeds and grass seed. I did not, and I make the statement without mental reservation, I did not ask for any monstrosities and abnormalities of vegeta-ble growth. The department about the end the artists, and it is to be hoped that it of the month sent me a large package. At will be continued. prosperous man, living in a small western town and owning a garden patch in the rear of my house and a yard in front. I told my wife that I would have that year a garden and yard to be proud of, and which would be the envy of all the neigh-

"So I planted the seeds in the garden, also the contents of the package marked "The Pride of Moorland Grass Seed" in the front yard. The package had a request printed on its back, asking me to report results to the men are turning their attention to the interior work. They have been laying the heating pipes and doing a number of small jobs necessary to put the building in shape for the plants or put the plants or put the plants or put the size of the plants of the plants or put the plants or at that time appeared to be breaking out in spots. Up to that time I was a happy man, and the salubrity of concomitant recaticoination of antheridium had not made its appearance in my life.

These spots I refer to broke out, as I said, about the 12th of April. The ground heaved up in pimples, and folks began to ask me did my yard have the hiwes. Things went on that way for some time, until some white things like ostrich eggs commenced to peep out of the pimples. On April 24 a man asked me what kind of bald-headed foliage was I trying to cultivate, and they put me in jail for three days. On the 27th, when I was released. the things had enlarged to some extent, and I wrote a letter to the Department of Agriculture, asking for compensation for the time spent in jail, and also informa-tion about the plants.

"The department replied in this letter, as you can see, that, owing to an insufficient appropriation, they could not give me the money asked for, and that the scientist of the establishment was of the opinion that my plants were anamolous angiocarpus, and appeared to be sui generis. The demost part scenes in the vicinity of Wash- partment also advised me to let them grow in the interest of science, and make a further report. This reply was more deleterious in its character than I had expected, and I dug up the plants. I told the department in a sharp letter that I was not going to raise any sui generises for it or anybody else. I can prove all this to the satisfaction of any committee.
"Although I dug up the plants one day,

they would grow up again during the night, and the same old white monstrosi-ties would be there again in the morning. "Finding that the plants reappeared each night, I decided to let them alone awhile, and see what would happen. About a week sulting scientists, began to suspect that the plants belonged to the order of hymenomycetes. That, however, did not prevent them from smelling like a glue factory, as I said before, and I began digging them up again. This I continued to do for the rest of the summer, meanwhile continuing my correspondence with the department. This considered the most unmerited infliction of detrimental laboriousness ever put upon any individual, and I so informed the department.

"Finally, the whole dastardly conspiracy sawdust. It was the purpose of this de-partment to conduct experiments looking to the availability of this plant for the markets of the United States. You evidently sowed the sawdust and mushroom spawn under the impression that it was grass seed. While the department regrets that a mistake has been made, it is made for our markets, and the department will not make further experiments.'
"Then I had the Representative from my

district introduce a bill in Congress for my relief, to recompense me for time and money spent in digging up those mush-rooms, which died, by the way, late in the

BULLETS IN BATTLE.

An Old Soldier Throws Out a Few Hints Concerning Shooting. The old soldier with a hot toddy before him was communicative and The Star re-

"How did you feel when you went into "I felt like there were a million places in

the world I'd rather be than where I then was." was the frank response. "Were you afraid?"

"Of course I was. I knew those fellows shooting at us weren't doing it for their health or for ours either, and I knew enough about guns to know that they were dangerors."

"But you overcame your fear as the fight progressed?" "Anyhow I didn't mind it so much. After while I got mad, and then I forgot about myself and wanted to lick the entire army

against us." "Did you ever get shot?" "Once only, and it was queer about that. You read stories in the papers about how it feels to be shot, and I suppose they are correct, for every man has a different way of taking his cold lead. I've seen men shot square in the foreheads, stand for an in-

stant as if turned into stone and then drop without ever bending a joint; some I've seen run screaming away and fall dead with the scream on their lips; I've seen some grab and clutch at themselves and spin around as if they had been hit with a club and didn't know what the matter was; some drop quietly and say nothing about it; some jump high in the air and fall stiff as pokers, and so on through a list of them, no two alike. "In my own case I was fighting in the woods in a skirmish in Virginia on a ter-

rific hot day. It was lively in there, I can tell you, and I wasn't thinking about myself at all. We had started on a run through an open space after the Johnnies, and just as we slowed down, when we saw they had got too close to the main body for us to go after them, I began to feel sick and weak and teld the man next to me that I thought I must be sunstruck. He began to say something and everything grew dark. The next I knew I was in a hospital with a hole through my chest. When I got it or how I never knew, but it couldn't have been more than ten minutes before I collarsed, because a man couldn't stand up long with that kind of a ventilator in his bosom."

Not Finical. . From the Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.

A coroner's jury found in the case of a man kicked to death by a mule that he suf-Pater—"Yes; they are all undoubtedly fered death by being run over by a rail-clever, especially this one—you can see what road train. The jury had no blanks about mule accidents.

"That reminds me," volunteered Alkali Ike, addressing collectively the little group of prominent citizens assembled in the real estate office of Col. Handy Polk, "of a circumstance that sorter comes to my notice while I'm abidin' down in the Panhandle

country, some years back of-" "What was it you done?" interjected Appetite Bill, who held himself in high esteem as a wit, "that you had to leave thar?" "Nuthin'," responded the virtuous Isaac. "I simply come away as a matter of senti-

ment." "Popular sentiment?"

"Naw! This yere exodus of mine hain't no compulsory git away; I hain't that kind of a man! I'm hoppin' out burcuz I den't yearn to linger. But when it comes to runnin' me out without my consent, I am yere to say that it requires a heap of experience an' the united efforts of a middlin' large settlement to accomplish the good work. I remember, one time down yonder

in Arizona, when—"
"Let me see, Ike," interrupted Dr. Slade,
"I believe you started to tell us about an episcde in the Panhandle country?"
"That's so; much obliged, Doc. Wal, in them days, I'm some younger an' endowed with a heap sight less tum-tum than at present, an' amongst other things I gits myself sorter tangled up in a love affair, which, as I look back at it through the dim visters of the years that have flown, as the poet would g't off, shows up to have had its amusin' p'ints, though it hain't strikin' me that way any to speak of at the time. Tell you how it was. Thar was a young lady, livin' on her paw's claim about three miles out from the settlement, by the name of Gladys Tiddicum, an'—"
"Ho!" broke in the irrepressible and light-minded Appetite Bill. "Couldn't

"Yep," interrupted Ike. "Thar was any number of things she could do for it. She might have married me, f'r instance, or taken the name of any marriageable feller in the county, if it hadn't been for one thing, which was her dad. Pretty girls is plenty, every place an' all times of the year-all women folks is pretty to the man who had a good mother-but I rise to say that, outside of the advertisements of tooth powders an' sech luxuries, I hain't

never seen a female face that could set in the game with Gladys Tiddicum.

"She is jest the proper height an' the reg-ulation width, an' her hair—wal, gentle-men, it's curly like these yere little wiggles you see on grape vines, an' yaller similar to scrambled eggs. Them eyes of her'n is as blue as—er—er—a right new flannel shirt, an' soft an' meltin' till you can't rest. An' them nose-I mean, that

"Git to the focus," interjected Appetite Bill, irreverently. "Aw, wel, thar wasn't a thing about Gladys that anybody could object to but her dad. He was a sight-old man Tiddicum vas—any way you took notice of him.
Looked a heap like the newspaper pictures
of President Kruger of the Transvaal republic, an' he was queerer than an old
blue goose. He said that he hadn't a shadder of objection to the girl's gittin' mar-ried if she wanted to, purvidin' it was to the right kind of a man. But his way of discoverin' the proper pattern of a son-inlaw was some quaint. "He didn't make inquiries as to the can

didate's financial standin', nor prowl around at night investigatin' his character. He simply felt of the young feller's head and based his judgment on the shape of it. "Old man Tiddicum was a phrenologist-or thought he was, which amounted to the same tlding-an' when a cardidate for

Gladys' hand put in an appearance her dad hopped on to him an' felt his bumps, an' if the style of the young feller's head didn't meet with the old man's indorsement, that was as far as he ever got on the road to bliss. I don't reckon Paw Tiddicum was a phrenologist to hurt-likely enough what he didn't know about it would have filled a heap bigger book than what he did know-but what he said went, an' thar was no

jerk back from his decision.

"His idee was that love makin' was business, same as preachin' or stage robbin', an' ort to be done on business principles, an' he made oration that if he caught any an' ne made oration that it he caught any young buck pesticatin' around his wigwam before submittin' to the ceremony of layin' on of hands, or afterward without his indorsement, he'd shoot him so full of holes that his pelt wouldn't hold corn shucks. An', as the old man was middlin' expert with his group an' you can't git only an'. with his gun, an' you can't git quick an' shoot up a maiden's father without sorter prejudicin' her agin you, that thar law of his'n 'peareci to be entirely constitutional. "I hain't never known what special forma-tions the old man demanded in the candi-date's skull, but I reckon he knowed, himself. Tennyrate, he was distressin'ly par-ticular an' so was Gladys, an' blame few of the candidates got past the old man's gill net in the first place, an' up to the time of my departure than hain't none of the few that pleased the old man been lucky enough to meet with the girl's approval. But she was so powerful alluding-Gladys was—that as often as once a week, at the outside, thar was some love-lorn dab goin' hopefully out toward old man Tiddicum's or crawlin' de-jectedly back toward the settlement. "Nacheral enough, I gits embroiled in this,

stated that, 'through a clerical error, you were sent some seeds of a new species of mushroom from Central Africa, packed in sawdust. It was the purpose of this department to conduct experiments looking. me an' him is thick an' fraternal a-plenty. This yere Nip Britt is also infatuated with Gladys, an' considerable worse than me. He gits so's he can't eat along toward the last, which I hain't never that far gone.

"Thar hain't nuthin' else to be done, an' after a while Nip decides to do and dare, as it were, an' run up agin the old man. Of course, Nip flatters himself that he's blessed with a good head, but love makes cowards of us all, as they say in stories, an' he hates like snakes to come to a show-down an' run the risk of havin' his last hope knocked out from under him. But, bimeby, he gits his hair clipperd to the skin, to give his head an even start with the old man, an' I rides out with him.

mutually agrees that it's a square rattle for him to take the first turn, an' if he flumps I'm to try it next. If he's settin' in luck I'm to be his right bower at the enmin' weddin'. "So far, so good. The old man comes down

to the gate when we ride up. Thar hain' much powwow; the whole business is so old to Paw Tiddicum that he's got it reduced to a system, an' it's so new to Nip that be's got himself reduced to the goblin' p'int. In two minutes they are at it; I'm settin' cn my hoss an' holdin' Nip's. Nip has his hat off, an' the old man is standin' behind him on a little box that he keeps for that pur-pose, with his pipe in his mouth an' his spectacles on his nose, solemnly pawin' Nip's skull over like it's a watermelon he is aimin'

to plug eventually. "The beautiful Gladys is settin' up on the porch of the house carmly fanain' herself an' lookin' as unconcerned as if it is an every-day matter an' so charmin' that I'm powerful tempted to shoot up both her dad an' Nip an' pack her right off with me.

"It's plenty plain that Nip's head hair't no chestnut, for the old man investigates it with interest an' respect, an' makes a discovery now an' then that draws from him a grunt of satisfaction or disapproval. To a mere passerby I reckon it would have ap-peared right hilarious to have seen poor Nip standin' thar quiverin' with apprehension while the old man smoked his pipe an' sorted out the bumps on his head an' chuckled an' snorted alternate.

"Directly, Mr. Tiddicum swarms from his box, sharpens a stick an' draws a diagram of a phrenological head on a bare spot on the ground, an' favors us with a long an' profitable lecture tharm, indicatin the p'ints of interest with his stick. Mean-while, poor Nip stands with his hat off an' the blazin' July sun pourin' down with all fury on his shaven head till it is fairly blistered. When the lecture is done the old man mounts his box again an' begins to hum haw over Nip's bumps some more. "He lingers as lovin'ly over his task as a fond mother over her first-own babe, as th feller says; an' bimeby he becomes so ab-

sorbed that his pipe slowly turns over in his mouth an' gently pours the coals an' hot ashes down on poor Nip's head. The victim 'pears to think that the sunshine is gittin' a little hotter, an' grins an' bears it similar to a martyr at the stake.

"The old man goes on hummia' an' hawin' without noticin' it till the smoke begins for to roll up, an' then he simply blows the coals off an' socks his talons into his prey in new place. Wal, it is all over at last, an' the old man rests from his labors with a sigh of

regret.
"'You've got a good head, Mr. Britt,' says slowly. 'A very good head - 'Thank ye, Mr. Tiddieum,' says poor Nip, he, slowly. with pitful eagerness. 'I-I--'
"But not quite good enough, Mr. Britt,'
concludes the old man. 'Not quite good

enough. "That settles it, an' Nip sneaks out to his hoss, "'Next!' say the old man, lookin' hun

grily at me.
"'Not today, Mr. Tiddicum,' says I, somewhat hasty. 'I hain't feelin' as well as I was.' as I was,'
"As I rides back to town beside poor,

UP ALKALI IKE AND HIS TOWN discouraged Nip, I makes up my mind that I hain't goin' back to Tiddicum's no more, girl or no girl; it's too tryin' on the nerves. If I'd had serse enough to stick to my resolution I'd have retained my self respect, anyhow. But next day, when I meets up with Nip, I'm impelled to git gay an' hooraw him till he whirls in an' bends an' hooraw him till he whirls in an' bends his gun over my fool head a few times,

tharby raisin' several unsightly knots on my dome.

"This makes me plenty ashy, an' I sets right out for old man Tiddicum's, determined to show Nio Britt that I hain't no

sech kind of people as he is, an' that the girl is mine for the takin'. "The old man welcomes me like a long lost son, mounts his little box an' pounces on my head. Less than two minutes later, as I am engaged in gittin' off my first grin, thinkin' to myself that he hain't encountered no every-day head, this time, he ut-ters a yell like an infurlated hyener, gives me a boot in the middle of the back that slams me down on my face, an' stampedes for the house. I picks myself up an' hops my hoss, some astonished, an' by this time yere comes the old man tearin' out with his shotgun.

his shotgun.

"'Git out?' he roars. 'Git out of yere, you infernal ripperbate?'

"'Looky yere, Mr. Tiddicum," says I, sorter severe. 'Don't you think you are actin' kinder danged funny about this thing, to say the least, an'—'

"Talk enough,' he yelled. 'Git, or I'll turn loose on you.'

"But I hain't done nuthin', an'—'

"I don't know what you've done' he

"'I don't know what you've done,' he bellered; 'but I know what you are capable of doin'. I never saw sech a villainous an' diabollycal head in my life. You counter-felter! You hoss thief! You vampire! You received the country of the co -you. Come around yere tryin' to court my daughter. I've a notion to shoot you all to pieces for even lookin' at her. You grave robber! You rake! You roo! You libbyteen! You-you varmint! Git out of my sight. Git out of the settlement. Git out of the county. By the jumpin' Jimmy Judson, if I ever set eyes on you agin, I'll shoot you for fun. Git!

"Also I got. By the time I gits to the settlement it dawns upon me that I hain't got no call to linger in no sech an unap-preciative community, an' by sundown me an' my hoss is industriously distributin' tracks with the heels p'inted in that di-"I s'pose I'm a hundred miles away be

fore I gits it through my understandin' that the whole trouble is caused by them strange an' startlin' knots that Nip Britt raised on my head when he bent his gun CULINARY HYPNOTISM.

A Practical Phase of the New Fad of Great Value. "Hypnotism," remarked the professor to

a Star reporter as they sat talking, "is one of the greatest blessings that humanity can be thankful for." "I take issue with you there," said the reporter.

"You may, and you may also take a drink with me," and he rang the bell. "Just the same, my dear sir, it is the greatest blessing to humanity. "The drink?" inquired the reporter,

say hypnotism is the greatest blessing, and I'll prove it to you." "Submit the evidence." "Well, to begin with, my wife is one of the finest cooks in the city of Washington,

"No guying," frowned the professor, "I

and she is also possessed of hypnotic pow-"What's that got to do with hypnotism? Does she hypnotize you into believing that

her biscuits are fully as good if not better than those your mother made?" "No giving, I tell you," insisted the pro-fessor. "As I said, my wife is the finest cook in Washington, and the average cook we here is the worst. Not long ago we had a cook who was the stupidest we ever had. and one night we had a dinner party, ex-pecting to get the stuff from a caterer, be-cause it wasn't possible quite for my wife to cook the dinner and entertain her guests also. At the last moment the caterer us and we were in a most disagreeable pre-dicament. I didn't know what to do, and at first my wife didn't; but women are

"'Wait a minute,' said she. 'I think I have discovered a cook. I'll go out and see Amanda about it.' "Amanda was our culinary angel, and I thought if she went cook hunting it wouldn't amount to much, for she wouldn't

know one if she saw it. In a few minutes my wife came back smiling.
"'Well?' I asked eagerly. "I think we are saved, she replied.
"That's all she would say, and as I have perfect confidence in anything my wife tells me, I didn't let my curiosity get tha better of me, but accepted the situation; more particularly as she told me to get out

of the house and not come back till it was time to dress for dinner. At 5:30 I returned and found my wife radiant. "'How's the dinner?" I inquired. " 'Lovely,' said she.

"And it was. I never sat down to a bet-ter. Everything as good as my mother could make it, and all of the guests asked where we found such a superior cook. I was anxious to know myself, and when my wife said it was Amanda for the first time in my life I doubted her word. It was true, though, and the way Amanda had done it was by hypnotic influence. My wife had gone into the kitchen and hypnotized Amanda, and willed that she should cook that dinner right, and Amanda did it."

The Star reporter looked incredulous. "Is the skillful Amanda still hypnotized?"

"I don't know," smiled the professor. "When she waked up next morning she said she reckoned she must be hanted et somethin', and didn't stay to cook break-fast. Just the same, hypnotism is a great

snap," and the professor emptied his glass, HUNG TO MUSIC.

The Doomed Man Sang "I Want to Be an Angel" With the Crowd.

"In the early days of Wyoming, when there were but few churches and many infractions of law, a man by the name of Barstow, who never knew fear, and was a devout Christian, was elected to the office of sheriff," said a citizen of that state to a Star reporter. "Soon after Barstow entered upon the duties of his office a man was convicted for a capital crime.

"The fact that there was no minister within reach preyed upon the mind of the sheriff, who undertook to supply the lack by holding an hour's Bible reading in the condemned man's cell and praying with him. As the time for the hanging approached Barstow became possessed with the feat that he had not acquitted himself of the spiritual responsibility devolving upon him and devised a program that was new and unique. After the victim to the law's mandate was placed upon the platform and everything was in readiness, the sherifi prayed long and fervently. Then he called for some one to start a hymn, and a man near the platform began the only one he knew, 'I Want to Be an Angel,' in which

the prisoner joined.

"As the last verse was sung the sheriff busied nimself adjusting the noose, and immediately upon its conclusion the trap was

Family Outing of Herr Beerdimpfel: Or, Drinks for Everybody. From Fliegende Blatter.



